

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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SEPTEMBER SUNDAY CIRCULATION, 47,889

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.: Dwight Williams, circulation manager, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of September, 1915, was 47,889. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 1st day of October, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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October 31 Thought for the Day No life can be pure in its purpose And strong in its strife And all life is not purer and stronger thereby. -Owen Meredith.

Hello, Syracuse! Here's wishing you luck.

At the rate the shooting proceeds in Europe, longevity tables are booked for downward revision.

In street parlance, it's a cinch now that the "hunch" about the war being over in October was a "bum" steer.

Accounts agree in assuring the country that President Wilson is steadily advancing toward a state of preparedness.

"The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la," have nothing to the good over the "boomlers" that blossom in the autumn.

The literary charm of Turkey as an atrocity story teller reflects the potency of practical experience in Armenia and elsewhere.

The lure of outdoor life these sunny Indian summer days rattles the chains in vain and mocks the longings of the desk slave.

Oh, yes, business is piling up so rapidly on eastern railroads that managers are wondering where storage facilities can be had for all the money.

Nebraska will celebrate its semi-centennial of statehood only once, and few of those here now will be able to participate in its statehood centennial.

Twenty-four hours of continuous suffrage oratory in New York City is appropriately named "a whirlwind finish." Still, "mere man" has the last word.

Some day and somehow, perhaps, the avenging spirit of Rio Grande cowboys will get within range of Pancho Villa, and no human agency will prevent a funeral.

Nebraska never had but one United States senator who did not want to be re-elected, and never had but one United States senator who succeeded in being re-elected.

The country is upon the eve of some interesting off-year elections that should show which way the wind blows on suffrage, prohibition and party popularity. Keep your ear to the ground.

"Why not train sons for the ministry?" is a question discussed at the bishops' conference. The less-than-two-dollars-a-day average wage which the ministers pull down is probably the answer.

French and German toys are coming in for the Christmas trade, but not in sufficient quantity to go around. It is up to talent and enterprise to put America first as a toy-maker and joy-maker.

It is an easy task for congress to approve in advance a program of "adequate preparedness." No direct labor is involved. When they come to wrestle with the problem of ways and means, requiring imposition of new taxes to make ends meet, then perspiration will flow under the collar.

Dr. Thirtig Years Ago This Day in Omaha. Captain Morris Sullivan has handed his resignation from the police force to Marshal Cummings, to take place as soon as his successor is appointed. Colonel Guy V. Henry is at his post at headquarters after two weeks' inspection of western posts. A meeting of the local chess players was held at the residence of Dr. Stone, those present including J. Kennard, Joseph Kennard, Mr. Towle, Dr. Carter, Dr. Swetnam and Dr. Stone. The champion of the evening was Joseph Kennard. Colonel Burnham and his wife have returned from a month's visit to their home in Virginia. President Harsha of the college gives the information that the students there propose to start a paper to be called the Bellevue Star, to be edited solely by the students and issued monthly. The Society of the Golden Fleece of St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church will hold its first meeting at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Jarvis, 113 South Twenty-fourth street. Mrs. Kiewit, Brown street, near Sacred Heart convent, advised the public that there has been taken up by the undersigned a black male pig, which the owner can have by paying charges and proving property.

Social Service of the Church.

Touching firmly on one of the really weak spots in the modern church, Bishop George Allen Beecher calls public attention to the failure of organized religion in the matter of social service. Charity, coldly or perfunctorily administered, is not the limit of the duty of the church towards those who are needy or who are struggling against odds for the better things of life. That church is inert which merely looks after the spiritual welfare of its members, with no thought for their social wants, or its opportunity for giving to the community something of an impetus along lines that lead finally to better ways of living through closer personal association. It is not enough to relieve a man's pressing need for food and clothing, or to tell him how to avoid evil. He must be given something to satisfy the social longing, and if the church does not provide it he will find it elsewhere.

Most of the success of the Salvation Army rests on its policy of "soup, soap, salvation," a direct reversal of methods against which General Booth revolted, but which generally persist in the older church organizations. Some have followed the Salvation Army in its practice of first feeding, then cleansing, and finally saving those to whom it ministers, and others must if they are going to measure up to the standards they have set for themselves. It is not enough to call a sinner's attention to means of escape from perdition; he must have real assistance in his stride against the natural propensity to wrongdoing, and, for the matter of that, even the best of us need this help in order that we may keep our feet on the right road.

The church that goes in strongest for social service is the one that will make the most headway against the tendency of the times to drift away from religion.

Community's Fight Against Disease Breeders.

New Orleans stands unique before the world because of the remarkable fight its citizens have made against disease breeders. The city is located in a spot of natural beauty, with subtropical surroundings that greatly add to the comforts of existence there, but which also offer the natural drawbacks incident to the prevalence of diseases peculiar to the region. For generations the city was periodically scourged by, and never free from, yellow fever and malaria. Its people were finally aroused, and through the application of scientific methods exterminated or drove off the disease-carrying mosquitoes, and now is as free from fevers as any city can hope to be.

Then came a new menace, in the form of bubonic plague, which did gain a foothold, but the citizens again arrayed themselves in battle against this pest of humanity, and by making the town rat-proof have done away with the danger. Another achievement along this line is also worthy of note, although it is not quite so showy on parade as has been the conquest of the mosquito and the rat. Hay fever was taken into full consideration, and by a vigorously pushed campaign against the rag weed, now known to be the chief cause of that distressing ailment, the 5,000 victims of the disorder in the Crescent City found relief from their affliction several weeks earlier this season than ever before.

Many cities have won a place in the history of the world by withstanding sieges, or through some other form of unusual effort, but none of them should have a brighter place than belongs to New Orleans for its combat against conditions that threatened health. The spirit of determined co-operation shown in these health campaigns is a most encouraging example for communities more favored in the matter of salubrity, and characterizes New Orleans as a worthy member in the great sisterhood of American cities.

Chance for Immortal Fame.

Several opportunities to achieve fame as nearly immortal as may be assured in advance to anyone are waiting to be seized in Omaha. In many ways this is a most progressive city, and its citizens take a proper pride in giving out-ward and visible evidence of their prosperity and their appreciation of the esthetic as well as the practical things of life. In other ways we are laggards. In our public buildings we are showing convincing proof of artistic growth, and with the multiplying examples of classic beauty about us, we must feel an inspiration to further advance. Therefore, the opportunity for some wealthy man to set an example that others might follow. Hanscom park should long ago have had an appropriate fountain instead of two rusty iron pipes to feed the little lakelet. In front of the court house is vacant an ideal spot for the setting of a magnificent bronze group. Several other similar suggestions are possible, but these will do for a starter. Who will present the city with the means for beautifying these two neglected spots? Don't crowd, gentlemen!

Venice in Danger.

These are troublous days and fearsome nights for the people of Venice. Austrian bombs have been dropped on a church near the railroad station and another in front of the famous 'dual palace, hardly a hundred feet from the reconstructed campanile and the wonderful Church of San Marco, in the very heart of the city. Pleasures and gayeties long since vanished. Tourist travel, which constituted the city's main resource, disappeared with the coming of war, and pitiful poverty is all-pervading. Night lights no longer shimmer on the water highways, marine concerts are hushed, gondoliers are rarely seen and the residents idly wander through a dark and silent city or sit among the sand bag ramparts designed to protect the invaluable treasures of sculpture and architecture.

Above all other cities menaced by enemy airplanes or aeroplanes, Venice is exposed to the greatest risk. Its treasures of art, sculpture and architecture are incomparable and its unequalled situation increases the hazard. The handwork of master artisans for centuries past rest upon insecure foundations, thus adding to the risk of direct explosion the greater liability to damage from concussion. It is difficult to comprehend what end of the war game is served by aerial attacks on Venice. Its serious damage or destruction would not advance enemy armies one inch nearer their goal, and would go down in history as an unparalleled act of barbarism.

The weather man and the Halloween sprites must have gotten together this time.

News Reviews and Interviews

NOT long ago I referred to the first student publication of the Omaha High School, a file of which had been unearthed, and said I would draw on it again for some of the interesting material it contains. Next Wednesday will be the one hundred and twenty-first anniversary of the birth of one of America's greatest poets, William Cullen Bryant, who, by the way, was the editor of the New York Evening Post in his later days. He had at that time, his eightieth birthday falling upon November 3, 1815, seems to have served as an occasion for commemorative exercises in the High school, out of which grew the following correspondence which tells its own story.

Omaha High School, November 3, 1815. Dear Sir: At the opening of our school this morning the principal read from "The Death of the Flowers," the following lines:

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year, Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and dead."

He then stated that this November third is your eightieth birthday; that you had some to this great age by the constant practice of temperance and obedience to the laws of life that among all the American poets you best interpreted the aspects and voices of nature, and yielded to no one the lofty moral tone which has always characterized your productions. After urging us to study your poetry, commit it to memory, imitate your virtues and pray that many more birthdays, as bright as this, may be yours on earth, he sat down, when one of the pupils made a motion that we send to this worthy poet, as a token of our good wishes, and regarding a photograph of the building in which we are taught, and in which his poetry is so often read and admired. This motion was unanimously adopted, and the undersigned appointed to send you the picture.

Please accept it in behalf of the 800 pupils, who, in this common school house, are taught all the way from the English alphabet to the Greek Omega.

By good Judges it is pronounced the most expensive, convenient and beautiful common school edifice in the United States. It is situated on the west bank of the Missouri river, nearly three hundred feet above the muddy waters, which ever flow from the Rocky mountains to the Mexican gulf, a journey of 4,000 miles. Very truly and respectfully yours, CLARA M. CAMPBELL, FRANK W. BALDWIN, STACIA CROWLEY, CHARLES R. REDICK.

Roslyn, Long Island, N. Y., November 12, 1874. My Friends: I thank you for the notice you have taken of my birthday in sending me the photograph of our good wishes, which you receive in return, and which, I have no doubt, you are justly entitled to call the finest common school building in the United States. It is really a stately edifice, and I could wish nothing better for those who resort to it than that the instruction given there may be on the same noble scale.

Again thanking you and the teacher who was pleased to speak so kindly of my poems, I remain, yours faithfully, W. C. BRYANT.

The names signed to this communication are suggestive to those whose memories reach back into the earlier days. The first one, Clara M. Campbell, has been long since discarded by its owner for that of Mrs. Henry D. Estabrook, who was here in Omaha during the last week with her distinguished husband from New York, where they now reside. Stacia Crowley, after her graduation, took up teaching, and taught in the selfsame high school, later transferring herself to Chicago, where she is still active as a teacher. Charles R. Redick became a lawyer, whose career, unfortunately, was cut short. He was a brother of the Redicks now here and prominent in the legal profession. Frank W. Baldwin, I do not recall, nor know of his later whereabouts. It would be interesting to know what became of the letter which Bryant wrote, and if it is still preserved, to have it come back to the High school to be framed and hung on the wall as a priceless souvenir.

That reminds me, too, that Henry D. Estabrook was once city editor of The Bee for a few brief days—in fact, he was the local news-gathering force-taking advantage of an offer to substitute during the regular city editor's vacation, and thus to try out his confessed ambition to become a journalist. He has told the story himself in his own inimitable language, so much more graphically than any one else could tell it, that I give it in his own words:

"Finally, there was presented an opportunity of a lifetime. Mr. Rosewater's city editor, who was also his only reporter for a newspaper man in that time played many parts—had been given a vacation, and previous to his departure had visited the high school to engage one of the larger boys to assume his duties. I was the lucky chap to be invited, and I accepted with alacrity. For two whole weeks I was not only to write just what I pleased, but what I wrote was bound to be published. Moreover, I was to have \$20 per week into the bargain. "The first morning I was at The Bee office bright and early. Mr. Rosewater dropped into my 2nd sanctum to wish me good morning and success in my experiment, and to indicate my route. Incidentally he remarked that a quartet of male voices had serenaded him the night before, and it might be well to say an appreciative word about their singing. I did. I said that four roysterers had made last night hideous with their caterwauls, and had selected the editor of this paper for their especial and particular victim; that man with such voices as theirs ought not to be permitted to run at large, etc., etc. The fact is I was a songster myself, and belonged to a rival quartet. When I arrived at the office next morning I met Mr. Rosewater going out to post a letter. He gave me a stony glare and hastened his footsteps. I afterwards learned that this letter was addressed to the absent reporter commanding his immediate return. Mr. Rosewater had scarcely made his exit when the second called and stopped his paper-stopped it off short never to go again. He also said in his most raucous voice, that he wanted to see the responsible editor of that dirty sheet. I told him that the responsible editor had just stepped out, but that he might consider me the irresponsible editor, if he were so disposed. He laughed—a hollow, mocking, blood-curdling sort of laugh—and vanished.

"During the day the remaining members of the quartet dropped in one after the other and canceled their subscriptions. The cheerful idiot who edited a column in our 'loathsome contemporary' called the 'Public Fountain,' took up the cudgel on behalf of the quartet, and through the medium of his column intimated that the ad interim reporter of The Bee was not yet dry behind the ears. I retorted that that was because I was in the habit of washing my ears, and thought it would be sanitary if he would occasionally follow the example. 'Wash 'em in the Public Fountain,' I said, 'along with your dirty linen. What an appropriate freak of chance it is, in any way, that such a fountain should be run by a squirt!'"

"On receipt of the chief's letter Mr. Al Sorenson, the reporter for whom I was substituting, shortened his leave of absence and hastened home, but not until I had time to be thoroughly licked by a saloon keeper named Taylor; not until Mr. Rosewater's life had been several times threatened on my account, and not until I had involved The Bee in a \$20,000 libel suit. Then the editor came out in one of his famous editorials, over his own signature, and explained to a bewildered public just what had happened. He commented severely upon my impudence for a journalistic career, and attributed his recent sorrows to what he called my 'trick-mule performance.' And yet I swear when I hurried my reportorial thunderbolts indiscriminately at the public it was more for the fun of manufacturing thunderbolts than for the purpose of injuring those who happened to be in the way of them. But that phrase 'trick-mule performance' stuck in my craw. If the much vaunted liberty of the press would not permit gentlemen to indulge in a little personal badinage without getting mad about it, quod! I'd join a profession which would! So I quit journalism and entered the law.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Baltimore American: Let narrowness be set aside and the mighty forces of Christendom in the big cities work together in the spirit of witnessing for the truth by all the forms of testimony that can reach mankind.

Houston Post: A Galveston minister told his congregation Sunday that there is no such thing as luck, but we feel sure this brother has never caught a seven-pound rabbit-fattened bass by fishing on a newspaper page and using a three-line paragraph for bait.

Minneapolis Journal: A critic of church method, seeking a remedy for the poor pay of clergymen, suggests that most of the money poured into the establishment and maintenance of foreign missions would be better applied to the salaries of those underpaid and overworked pastors of temperance, social morality and good citizenship offers the most fallow field and the best returns for national reform and domestic well-being. The point may be well taken, although in the broader vision of the universal brotherhood of Christian propaganda among the heathen will never be looked upon as a waste.

New York Post: The rounding out of a hundred years of life is so rare as to make the occurrence notable when the centenarian is a leading citizen of one of our principal cities. On Sunday, at the First Presbyterian church of Baltimore, the pastor of the church of which Mr. W. W. Spence—100 years old October 25—has been pastor for seventy-three years and a ruling elder for sixty-seven years, well said: "I question whether any of our younger men, however faithful, render a more valuable service to vital religion in this community than is effected Sunday after Sunday by the mere sight of that venerable figure slowly moving up the aisle to his accustomed place."

TABLOIDS OF SCIENCE.

An electric clock has been invented in France that runs without attention as long as its battery is in good condition.

According to a German statistician, only 2 per cent of musicians are bald, to 16 per cent of men in other intellectual pursuits.

Under a modified wireless receiving instrument, a French scientist has been able to detect thunderstorms more than 300 miles distant.

A safety gas meter invented in Holland is claimed to prevent the possibility of asphyxiation and to indicate the loss of unconsumed gas.

The belting used on machinery in the Russian oil fields is made of camel's hair, resisting grease better than rubber, leather or cotton.

The invention of a process for ripening peaches by high tension electricity, discovered directly upon the fruit, is claimed by an Englishman.

The owner of some limestone caves in Virginia has piped the air from them into his house to provide an even temperature the year round.

Japanese remove the pucker from persimmons by enclosing ripe fruit for several days in airtight casks that have contained sake, the national wine.

WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES.

A Georgia woman says her highest ambition is to be a good wife and mother, to raise her children to be God-fearing men and women, to conduct her home efficiently and to avoid expending more than her husband earns.

Mrs. J. C. Bley, president of the Chicago Clean Food club, has announced a campaign for clean flour. She declares that the cotton sacks used to hold food are not sanitary, being so thin that the flour sifts through. She thinks that it is possible to get a heavy paper sack that will answer the purpose much better and club women are agreeing to ask for flour in paper sacks.

At a school center in Washington last week four men enrolled to take lessons in the adult cooking class with thirty women. Two of the men are connected with the food department of a hospital and the other two are caterers. So it seems that more and more is the woman in the home becoming an anachronism with men invading her sacred kitchen stove province.

When Inez Millholland went to Cambridge and asked to be registered in the Harvard law school a few years ago, and was not permitted to enter, and so had to study law in New York, the fact came to the notice of people all over the country. The result was an agitation for a Cambridge law school, which opened this month with nine students. Three of them are graduates of Radcliffe.

Margaret Harwood, who was graduated from Radcliffe in 1907 and later at Harvard observatory in 1913, has been appointed for an indefinite period as a fellow of the Nantucket Maria Mitchell association, where she has held the astronomical fellowship award since 1912. She is studying this year in University of California and will take up her duties at Nantucket next year at the Nantucket observatory.

AROUND THE CITIES.

Greater New York has 64,119 registered voters entitled to speak at next Tuesday's election.

Cleveland's Board of Education asks the voters to O. K. a loan issue of \$1,000,000 for new buildings.

Buffalo has two railroad stations under construction. One of them will have a trainshed 827 feet long.

St. Louis city reports a shortage of rentable houses and a big demand for corn-huskers at high wages.

St. Louis women are organizing to demand the repeal of the compulsory vaccination law of the state.

Talk of municipal economy is heard in Cleveland, and some economists urge the abolition of sinecure bureaus. It has not passed the talk stage.

The Kansas City Star welcomes a bunch of political libel suits as evidence that the new management keeps the old-time punch in good working order.

Des Moines' city commission ended a controversy of fifty-three years standing by ordering the legal department to draft a final affirmative report on the opening of Fifth street.

People and Events

The combined weight of a couple married at Caldwell, O., is 134 pounds. The bridegroom, Poliard G. Stevens, aged 49 years, is four feet three inches tall, and the bride, Miss Minnie M. Wells, 34 years, is three feet six inches tall.

Down in Livingston county, Missouri, the smallest school in the world goes through the motions every school day. There is one pupil and one teacher, and the "dear teacher" puts into the job all the zeal that her salary warrants.

Thrifty Yankees of New England, to the number of 30, are still backward in coming forward with the money your Uncle Sam lent them to come home from foreign shores, when the war began. It appears that their yells for help fifteen months ago wrenched their vocal chords and made them dumb on the subject ever since.

Miss Louise C. Hinck of Montclair, N. J., is embroidering the names of donors to the German Red Cross fund on a table cover, which Ambassador von Bernstorff will present to the German empress when it contains 1,000 names. Each person who gives \$1 has her or his name embroidered on the cover. Miss Hinck has already worked several hundred names into the cover.

In the month that has elapsed since Theodore Peitzer fell to his death in Kansas City, three courts and twenty-four lawyers have become interested in the personal estate and that of the Peitzer investment company. Other lawyers are rounding up creditors and still others are essaying the role of "amicus curia" for the learned courts. Disinterested operators at Kawville appear confident that the creditors will get a run for their money.

No matter how suspicious the venture on the matrimonial sea a bet on a continuous voyage is risky. Mrs. Virginia Brooks Washburn, noted as the "Twenty-first Century Joan of Arc," and mother of a \$10,000 eugenic baby, is suing for divorce. For two and a half years, Virginia and hubby did excellent team-work on the chautauqua circuit, in uplifting the downtrodden and lambasting evil whenever it raised its head. But the harness chafed. "No, there is no other charmer in the case."

WHITTLED TO A POINT.

The average man has more ambition than ability. A man soon gets used to the distrust he has of himself. Few people have cause to regret the letter they didn't write. Don't worry if a blind man threatens to whip you on sight. It is easier to return compliments than borrowed umbrellas.

Some people are witty and some others are not even half-witted. A knocker always has a large audience because he gives a free show. All women would strive for religion if it was good for the complexion. But few men work overtime in an effort to make their wives happy. Even the manure lady plays favorites; she doesn't treat all hands alike. The easiest road to wealth is to have a rich relative leave you a fortune. A man isn't necessarily an ex-cowboy because he doesn't care to talk about himself. He may be afflicted with modesty.—Chicago News.

LINES TO A SMILE.

"Mary Jane, why do you allow that young fellow to remain so long when he calls?" "You see, pa, he's a lawyer, and no matter how I try to make him go, he always manages when he comes to court to secure a stay."—Baltimore American.

"Angeline—And so you love me with all your heart? Would you die for me?" "Edwin—No, dear. Angeline—You wouldn't die for me?" "Edwin—No; mine is the undying affection.—Kansas City Journal.

"You must never forget, my boy, that about one-third of all success is pure luck." "But how can you make sure of this luck?" "Why, by being successful."—LIFE.

KABIBBLE KABARET DEAR MR. KABIBBLE, IS TUESDAY AND FRIDAY THE BEST DAYS FOR MY FIANCE TO CALL? WEDNESDAY AND PAY DAY IS THE BEST COMBINATION, I THINK.

"Is your wife disappointed because she didn't get the vote?" "I don't think so. The defeat of woman suffrage has merely strengthened her conviction that men are political failures and serve to prolong the interest of the campaign."—Washington Star.

Irate Father—It's astonishing, Richard, how much money you need. Son—I don't need it, father. It's the hot-tempered, the tailors and the taxicab men.—Boston Transcript.

"How is your second husband getting along, Mrs. Jinks?" "Oh, he's all right, but he's awfully fussy about his eating. Why, he wants a clean napkin twice a week, and another plate for his pie!"—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

INDIAN SUMMER TIME.

Springfield Republican. The mountains slumber sweetly in the haze. The twilight glow is rosy like old wine, and human life is wont to stand and stare.

Upon a scene so chaste, and so divine, We feel that Nature, weary from the toil Of pouring fruit and grain in plenty's lap, Is overcome, and silencing the mail Has settled down to take a needed nap.

The leaves are turning yellow, brown or red, And have begun to tumble to the ground. The violets and daisies both are dead, and goldenrod is blooming all around; The haws are turning black, and seem to smile Invitingly to urchins as they pass, The nuts are peeping forth with russet shells, And cheerful crickets chirping in the grass.

The orchards are a-bend with juicy wealth, The elder mills a-buzzing with drunken bees, The air a-tang with rugged human health, While solemn silence is tincturing the breeze; The crows are dancing to a sleepy tune, The singing birds departing for the South, October clapping hands with smiling June, Who holds a yellow rosebud in her mouth.

And yet there is a sadness in the air, The spirit of dissolution is abroad, Old Boreas has left his frozen hair, And is advancing down the Arctic road; We feel his breath upon the autumn breeze, And contemplate his coming with a dread, We know his cruel mission is to freeze And leave the lovely flowers black and dead.

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